BRATTLEBORO LOCAL NEWS

MUSIC OF THE CHIMES SUICIDE AMID LUXURY

Local Singers Made a Decided Miss Mae Jeanette Caley Well Hit in Comic Opera

Two Successful Performances Under Auspices of Murray Club-Personnel of the Cast and Chorus-the Patronesses.

Two enjoyable performances of the old favorite comic opera "Chimes of Nor-mandy" were given in the Auditorium Friday and Saturday evenings by a large horus of Brattleboro singers under the frection of C. E. Macomber of Boston, large audience was present each even-ng, insuring financial success to the untaking, which was backed by the Mur-club, of the Universalist church. The igh places in Friday night's rendition were not too rough to be excused in an enteur performance, and on Saturday ight the lines were well in hand, the identity were in full sympathy with their oles and the chorus was snappy and exactors. The audience, too, was more transmissions. onstrative than on Friday night. which gave the singers Following is the cast:

ertrude Sumanne, eanne. Henri. Jean Grenicheaux, the Balli.

Mrs. A. H. Brasor. Mrs. F. W. Weeks. Miss Edith Farr. Miss Flossie Howe Miss Alice Eels Miss Alice Eels.
Miss Edna Crosby.
F. C. Adams.
F. W. Jackson.
Alson J. Dugan.
E. H. Crane.
E. J. Waterman. S. W. Hubbard. egistrar, The part which demanded most in the ray of real dramatic ability was that of aspard, the miser. Mr. Dugan acted to perfection and was given a curtain

all in the second act. Mrs. Brasor was art and never failed to reach an effective limax. In the character of Germaine, trs. Weeks again displayed her ex-eptional vocal attainments and in the semble work her pure high soprano as distinctly a leader. Mr. Adams's delineation of Marquis of neville was more than satisfying. His ing was at all times easy and grace- and his singing was delightful. Mr. kson, who took the part of Jean nicheaux, came from Torrington, m. He was heard to good advantage the obligate to the squaret number in the obligato to the quartet number in second act. In the part of the magis-Mr. Crane combined intelligent act-

with good singing and was warmly ceived. The four minor roles assigned Misses Farr, Howe, Eels and Crosby-ere well taken and each added strength to the general effect.

The characters represented by Mr. Waterman, Mr. Rice and Mr. Hubbard

were designed more than anything else to make fun, and in this the three actors were entirely successful. Their costumes were marvels of the "Dusty Rhodes" type and their original local hits were well adapted. Their demonstration of the art of hypnotism was particularly pleasing, and ridiculous. Leitsinger's orchestra, with Miss Lulu Cressy as planist, did excellent work and

Mr. Macomber directed the performances with a masterly hand. The scenic effects were produced principally by stock equip-ment. Particular mention is due Mrs. C. L. Stickney, Mrs. G. E. Warner and Mrs. H. R. Brown, the committee, for the painstaking efforts which they made to insure an entertainment which would give public satisfaction.

In the ladies' chorus were Misses Zetta Weld, Carolyn Clark, Mabel Winchester,

Alvena Walker, Hope Howard, Lottie Mather, Helen Rohde, Inez Geodale, Marion Simonds, Maude Leitsinger, Minnie Leitsinger, Lena Young, Grace John-on, Charlena Bemis, Ruth Callahan, Bianche Drown, Eva Ellis, Ruth Rogers, klice Whitney, Florence Brockington, pauline Miller, Meta Stolte, Florence Pentland, Marion Baker, Annie Kirwan, Florence Duquette, Mrs. Carl Leitsinger

incence Duquette, man included Ernest included Jones, Lyman Smith, Scott mes, H. M. Wood, Harry Bingham, bert Mitchell, Alfred Thompson, Arthur isor, Frank Brasor, W. H. St. Ger-ine, Charles Stolte, John Eckels, Ray-Smith, Hal March, Murray Frost Miller and Frank Barber.

sses of the opera were Mrs Warner, Mrs. F. L. Masseck, Mrs. Hooker, Mrs. G. S. Dowley, Mrs. Brooks, Mrs. F. L. Burnett, Mrs. Brooks, Mrs. F. L. Burnett, Mrs. Vaughan, Mrs. G. F. Barber, Mrs. Rockwell, Mrs. A. E. Hobart, Mrs. Dunham, Mrs. H. R. Brown, Mrs. Stickney, Mrs. F. K. Barrows and drs. C. G. Staples.

One Perfect Woman.

Sam P. Jones, the revivalist, about whom revolve a legion of anecdotes, was preaching in Dallas, Texas, on the rarity of a perfect life, says Everybody's Maga-line. He suddenly interrupted his dis-ourse with the query:

"How many of you have ever known a serfec" man, entirely perfec" without any sult at all?"

He glanced flercely at his silent audice that made no sign. Then evidently show his fairness he asked: 'Well, who's ever seen a perfec' wom-

n? Any one's ever seen a perfec' woman To the evangelist's utter amazement

middle-aged woman, whose big dark s set in her sallow face were fixed on the preacher, arose from her seat the front bench.
'Madam," he thundered, "do you mean

tell me you've seen a perfec' woman 'Wal," she said slowly, gazing at her nterlocutor with the air of one who feels that she has the basic truth on her side nd who is solemnly conscious that she sould adhere to the letter of it, "wal, I san't say as I ever did 'exactly see her, ut I hearn tell a powerful sight about

Six minor officials of the Pittsburg & Vestmoreland Coal company lost their vest more and Coal company tost therefore Sunday in attempting to enter the aine at Hazel Kirk, Pa., 18 miles east of littshurg, to ascertain if a portion of it was atili burning as the result of an explantar the weeks ago. xplesion two weeks ago.

More

Heat

Less

Fuel

Known in Brattleboro

Shot Herself in Hotel Aberdeen in New York-Jewels Valued at \$2000 in Travel-

a young woman who a week previous had registered as Miss Mac Jeannette Caley, committed suicide Oct, 24 in her appartments in the Hotel Aberdeen, 17 West-ments in the Hotel Aberdeen, 17 West-32d street, New York city. The body was found lying on a rug in the bath room fully dressed. In the right temple was a bullet wound and beside her the re-volver with which the fatal shot was fired.

Miss Caley had many acquaintances in Brattleboro. She came here as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. "Jack" Rafter about three years ago, and remained some time with them and with friends whose acquaintance she made soon after her arrival here

The young woman left a note directed to her sister. Miss Lillian Landers of Tarrytown, N. Y., which said: "Tired. Tired. Forgive me, dear sister. Love." A bundle of letters was addressed to Mrs. A. G. Allen, who occupied an adjoining apartment in the hotel. Mrs. Allen heard the fatal shot fired and alarmed the hotel employes who entered the room. Dr. Townshend, the physician who arrived while the room was still clouded with smoke, said death had been instantaneous. Detectives took charge of the woman's traveling bag, which contained \$125 in cash and jewels to the value of \$2000. Miss Caley was dressed in an embroidered white slik walst and a slik walking skirt. Her trunk was packed, her rooms were in perfect order and she had paid her bill at the hotel, stating that it was her intention to go away. There had been The young woman left a note directed her intention to go away. There had been nothing in her appearance while she was at the hotel to indicate that she was

The New York Herald says that the cause of Miss Caley's suicide was probably a love affair, as she is known to have had an affection for John McAleenan, a pawnbroker of New York. The body of Miss Caley was shipped to her mother, Mrs. George A. Clark of Akron, Ohio, who was a Mrs. Landers before her last mar-riage. Lillian Landers, the sister who is in a boarding school in Tarrytown, N. Y., came to New York to claim the body.

came to New York to claim the body.

Miss Caley was married in Buffalo, N.
Y., in 1901 to Ralph Pitzer of Youngstown,
Ohio. He says the cerémony was the result of a banter and that he never lived
with the young woman. A despatch says
that in the party at the time of the
marriage was "the wife of a prominent
resident of Boston who is in the rubber
business," This may refer to Mrs. Rafter.
Mr. and Mrs. Rafter lived in Buffalo
about that time, and went from there to about that time, and went from there to Boston, where Mr. Rafter was agent for

a rubber hose company. Of more than ordinary good looks, Miss Caley was blonde, good figure and five feet six inches in height. Her artistic taste was shown in the objects of art and bric-a-brac that were about the rooms which she occupied which included several costly small bronzes, a small ormulu clock, and trinkets in silver. Her clothing was of expensive variety.

Miss Caley in the last few years has traveled from New York to San Francisco. She had large sums of money all the time and always were a large number of val-uable diamonds. In Akron Mrs. Clark said of her daughter: "She expected to marry 'Jack' as soon as she could get a divorce from Frank Pitzer. She thought a great deal of 'Jack' and was trying to get a separation in the courts. I can't believe Mac committed suicide. She often said she would never commit suicide, and she had a horror of a revolver."

Right of Way in a Cemetery.

Chancellor James M. Tyler heard Monday the petition of Miss Sylvina Whithed of Vernon for the dissolution of the in-junction issued by him Oct. 6, by which she was restrained from erecting a certain monument in the Whithed com-etery in Vernon. The petition was taken under consideration, Early in October Julia S. Frost and Julius O. Frost of Ver-non and Edward E. Frost of Worcester petitioned for an injunction against Miss Whithed, alleging that on Sept. I she caused a foundation for a monument to be built in a foot path leading from the main entrance of the cometery to the Frost lot, which had been in the Frost family since 1840, that they had enjoyed the benefits of the path at all times, and that the defendant was about to erect an inferior monument which would obstruct their right of way, "out of spite and annoyance to your orators." The answer of the defendant denies that she is actnated by spite and avers that her object in wishing to erect a monument is to show her appreciation of the fact that the cemetery was in the possession of her ancestors as far back as the time of King George. She denies that the monument would be inferior and says that the land on which she purposes to erect it belongs to the R. Wood lot, that she has per-mission in writing from the daughter of R. Wood to erect a monument there, and that it would not encroach upon the rights of the orators but would leave an unobstructed pathway of three feet and four inches. H. G. Barber appeared for four inches. H. G. Barber appeared for the orators and A. F. Schwenk for the

The Waiting Task.

defendant.

Rise! for the day is passing, And you lie dreaming on: The others have buckled their armor, And forth to the fight have gone, place in the ranks awaits Each man has some part to play; The Past and the Future are nothing, In the face of the stern Today. —[Adelaide Procter.

Hard may be Duty's hand; but, lo! it Out into perfect joy, where pain shall God sees thy striving, and thy patience

And thou shalt find his peace.
—[Cella Thaxter,

That's the whole story of the Andes Heating Stove. Whether you burn coal or wood results are the same—comfort with economy. Andes Stoves are made by skilled

stove makers, and constructed so that the fuel used is all properly consumed without waste, producing an even heat at all times.

Stoves and Ranges are easily regulated and never fail to give The joints are perfect and close fitting, the dampers are air tight. The stove is always under perfect control. Ask your local dealer to show you the Andes improvements in heating and cooking.

PHILIPS & CLARK STOVE CO.. GENEVA, N.Y.

Manley Bros., Brattleboro, Vt.

PEN PICTURE OF "OUR JOHN." [Randolph Herald and News.]

John H. Merrifield of Newfane, speaker of the Vermont house for the last two seasions, has signified a willingness to serve as ileutenant-governor next year. He will not make an active canvass for the place, but will leave his candidacy in the hands of the party for action. No man, woman or child in Vermont but has a feeling of tenderness for "Honest John" Merrifield. He is an anomaly in public life—a man so conscientious that he cannot sleep nights or enjoy life if he has any reason to believe that by his word or act he has unwittingly given a fellow citizen cause to harbor resentment against him; a man of the most scruppilous honor and honesty, in times when these traits are none too common among those John H. Merrifield of Newfane, speaker honor and honesty, in times when these traits are mone too common among those in high places; one whose promotions have come to him in each case wholly unsolicited and unsought. There are some who express the opinion that Mr. Merrifield lacks force: that he is too fearful of hurting people's feelings; and that in the face of a crisis he might waver when strength was the quality needed. If such faults exist, their presence cost him nothing in the place he needed. If such faults exist, their pres-ence cost him nothing in the place he has twice occupied with high credit—a place, by the way, much more trying than the presidency of the senate. His very gentleness and the lovableness of his nature had a far-reaching influence over the temperament of the house. Without a word in disparagement of Messrs, Leland and Prouty, the other announced candidates, either of whom would serve with dignity and ability, we confess to

with dignity and ability, we confess to a strong sympathy with the modest and deserving ambition 'of "Honest John" Merrifield of Newfane.

[Northfield News.] Speaker John H. Merrifield modestly admits that he would not refuse the lieutenant governorship candidacy if he found it on his front doorstep some fine morn-ing. The Republican party would do pretty well to leave it there.

[Barre Times.] If there ever was a modest man, John i. Merrifield of Newfane is that man. H. Merrifield of Newfane is that man. His reply to the interviewer who asked him if he was a candidate for lieutenant-governor, "Well, hardly anybody would refuse such an honor if it was tendered," is characteristic of the man from the ground up. Modesty among dwellers in the political field is ususual and it is sometimes refreshing.

Wardsboro Woman Died in Greenfield, Mass.

Mrs. Rozella Briggs, wife of C. A. Briggs of Wardshoro, died of apoplexy very suddenly Sunday night at the home of her daughter, Mrs. F. L. Sietson of Federal street, Greenfield, Mass., as she sat reading. A native of Townshend, most of her married life was passed in Troy N. Y. and Wardsboro, where she had lived 22 years. A few weeks ago she went to Greenfield for a visit and from there to Troy, returning to Green-field several days ago. Besides her hus-band and Mrs. Stetson, she leaves another daughter Mrs. A I. Wheeler and a verdaughter, Mrs. A. I. Wheeler, and a son. George W. Briggs, both of Wardsboro. Short services were held at the home of Mrs. Stetson Thesday, and Thursday afternoon funeral services were held at the church in Wardsboro.

Some Patent Medicines Will Be Considered Liquors.

Elaborate preparations are in progress at the internal revenue bureau office in Washington for putting into effect on Dec. 1 the new order requiring dealers in certain patent medicines and essences to conform to legal requirements as liquor dealers. From correspondence and conversations with the manufacturers of these articles, it appears that without exception they intend to apply enough additional medicine to their compounds to bring them within the exemptions of the law, and their present inquiries are devoted to ascertaining where the line

Commissioner Yerkes has nothing to do with the deceptions practiced upon the consuming public, to which some of the magazines have recently called attention, but he does purpose to make the venders sell something that is really medicine in its nature rather than whiskey in dis-guise. An authentic case has come to the guise. An authentic case has come to the knowledge of the office of a worthy man, who supposed himself a total abstainer, suffering from delirium tremens. When the physician thus diagnosed his infirmity, he replied indignantly that he never drank anything in his life. Subsequent inquiry revealed that he was greatly enjoying his "Tonic," which he had been taking in large quantities. had been taking in large quantities.

An attempt will be made in the ways

and means committee to bring out a bill taxing proprietary medicine on the basis of their alcohol contents perhaps leaving a minimum quantity which any preparation might carry, without subjecting itself

MASSACHUSETTS NOTES.

Northfield Schools in Good Fnancial Condition.

finances of the Northfield scho are in better condition now than at any time for 15 years. The amount of money raised has increased 70 per cent, in 16 years; of course the expenses increasing correspondingly. The Mount Hermon school, which it was feared might have to increase its tuition to pay its expenses, is now out of debt and the tuition can remain where it is for the present at least. The passing of this crisis will enable the school to continue to do just the work planned by D. L. Moody. The increase in contributions is due to the fact of the wide increase in the number of friends of the school. The younger Moodys are showing ability as money raisers equal to D. L. Moody himself.

Moody himself.

A great improvement is being made this fall by building an electric lighting and heating plant of brick for Northfield seminary to cost about \$35,000. The money for this is nearly raised. Electric light is to be generated by steam power, and helf a dozen of the seminary buildand half a dozen of the seminary build ings are to be lighted by this power. The exhaust steam will be used for heating the same buildings. Formerly gas was supplied from gasoline machines and each building was heated by its own heater. The change will be more comfortable and will make an economy. There are strong hopes of beginning in the near future the long deferred project of a new dining hall for Mount Hermon, half the money for which has now been raised.

By the breaking of a ladder, on which E. H. Wells, Frank Griffith and Charles Nichols were sitting while painting the Baptist church at Shelburne Falls Saturday, Wells and Griffith fell to the ground, a distance of 50 feet. Wells's neck was broken and he died in about an hour Griffith received a dislocated hip and broken wrist, and possibly internal injuries. Nichols was near the rope and appropriate to the standard to the managed to grasp it and slid to the ground. They had completed the painting of the steeple, supposed to be the most dangerous portion of the work. Mr. Wells, who was about 50 years old, is

Major Gillette and John D. Maclennan expert engineers engaged by Mayor Weaver of Philadelphia to investigate filtration and boulevard contracts, report ed Sunday that the city had paid \$18, 000,000 for work not worth more than \$10,000,000; that \$2,000,000 would have been \$10,000,000; that \$2,000,000 would have been a good profit; that McNichol & Co. had been paid \$5,000,000 too much, and that Ryan & Kelly were overpaid \$543,000 for the Beimont plant. They placed most of the blame on former Chief Hill, but also held ex-directors of public works, Haddock and Costello, accountable, Major Chief the Heid State of the Heid S Gillette is a member of the United States engineering corps who brought Capt. Carter to book for fraud in harbor improvements at Savannah.

NOTICE TO DRUGGISTS

State's Attorney Pointed Out Irregular Sales of Liquor

Reflections Do Not Apply to All Druggists-"Only Those Whom the Coat Fits Need Put It On"-Inventories Re-

As a result of his discoveries in looking over the records of druggists' sales of iquor in this county State's Attorney H. D. Ryder of Bellows Falls sent notice to the druggists Monday, calling their at-tention to certain technical irregularities. The text of the notice is as follows:

"I find upon a recent examination of e books returned by the fifth class icense holders in this county that certain physicians are evidently violating the spirit and perhaps the letter of the law in giving prescriptions for intoxicating liquor. I alse find that in practically every prescription that I have examined the requirements of the statute have not been complied with. I enclose that sentence of Sec. 24 of No. 115, Acts of 1904, which covers those requirements.

"The holder of such license shall sell only upon the written, not printed, pre-scription of a legally qualified physician, stating its date, the name of the person for whom and to whom it is given, and that the prescription is given and is necessary for medicinal use; or to it physician for necessary use in his prac

"If you will examine those require ments carefully you will probably find that many if not all of the pre-scriptions do not conform to the requirements and that your sales are tech-nically violations of the law.
"I do not question the honest desire of

any druggist to conform to the law, but I do not think that the prescriptions of physicians who evidently abuse their privilege should be honored.

"When one physician issues 39 pre-scriptions for liquor in one day and when the same man issues 220 that are filled by one druggist in one month it is evi-dent that there is need of investigation and reform. I also notice that some druggists do not report sales to physi-cians for necessary use in their practice. Such sales should be reported in every

instance.

"These reflections do not apply to all druggists in the county and to only a very few physicians and only those whom the coat fits need put it on.

"I have requested the county clerk to require from all holders of fifth class licenses a sworn inventory each month as provided by law."

In conversation with a representative

der legal obligations to refuse to fill any less it could be proved in a specific instance that he prescribed liquor when he had reason to believe that it would not be used for medicinal purposes.

REAL MARVELS OF SPEED

Bicycle Records That Put to Blush the Autos.

automobile is so Because the automobile is so conspicuously in the public eye, the world is inclined to marvel at each successive report of its speed performances. They almost shudder as they read of some flights of 50 and 60 miles an hour by thundering monsters of 90, 100 or even 120 horse power. And while they marvel and shudder, speed performances far more remarkable are being permitted to be passed "unheralded and unsung"—the performances of men on blcycles.

How insignificant appears 60 miles an

How insignificant appears 60 miles an hour by a gigantic motor car propelled by an engine of 100-horse power, when compared with 56 miles per hour by a bicycle propelled by one-man power! How little real merit there is in 110 miles a mere man on two wheels completes full and more than 99 miles! And yet this is the case. It has become so generally the fashion to overlook and minimize the bicycle and to glorify the motor car that few there are who know that within this two breach overless have twelvemonth, two French cyclists have set up records such as put the motor car to blush—Guignard, 55 miles 1515 yards in 50 minutes, and Contenet, 99.35 miles in twice 60 minutes. If the world sought real marvels of speed, these would seem

to supply them. Of course, these records were made in the wake of powerful motorcycles, but that detracts little from their merit. That flesh and blood should be capable of maintaining such amazing flights under any conditions fairly staggers imagination when it is given play.—[The Bicycling

Stand close to all, but lean on none, And if the crowd desert you Stand just as fearlessly alone As if a throng begirt you, and learn what long the wise have known—
Self flight alone can hurt you.

—[William S. Shurtleff.

CONFIRMED PROOF.

Residents of Brattleboro Cannot Doubt What Has Been Twice Proved.

In gratitude for complete relief from aches and pains of bad backs-from distressing kidney ills-thousands have publicly recommended Doan's Kidney Pills. Residents of Brattleboro, who so testified years ago, now say their cures were permanent. This testimony doubly proves the worth of Doan's Kidney Pills to Brattleboro kidney sufferers.

Mrs. E. E. Whitney, living on the Bonnyvale Road, about four miles from man I'll marry Adrienne."

"Then you'll be luckler than I," said Cedric, winding up a top, and spinning it on his paim. of Brattleboro what wonderful benefit Doan's Kidney Pills had given me. I had been annoyed for years with attacks of pain in the small of my back and with other symptoms which plainly showed that the kidneys were not acting properly. I commenced using Doan's Kidney Pills and they helped me from the first and continued taking them until I had used several boxes. I am getting along in years and can hardly expect a complete cure but Doan's Kidney Pills are certainly the finest remedy I know of and it is a blessing to know of a medicine which brings such prompt relief. I certainly speak well of it to my friends."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name-Doan's-and take

A Food to Work On

Work! Work!! Work!!!

Lots of energy is needed to keep up the pace. In the struggie, the man with the strong body and clear brain wins out every time.

The man of to-day needs something more than mere food; he needs a food that makes energy-a food to work on.

Although some people may not realize it, yet it is a fact, proved and established beyond doubt, that soda crackers-and this means Uneeda Biscult-are richer in muscle and fat-making elements and have a much higher per cent. of tissue-building properties than any other article of food made from flour.

That this is becoming known more and more every day is attested by the sale of nearly 400,000,000 packages of Uneeda Biscuit, the finest soda cracker ever baked. An energy-giving food of surpassing value-sold in a package which brings it to you with all the original flavor and nutriment perfectly preserved. Truly the food to work on.

Whoever you are—whatever you are—wherever you work-Uneeda Biscuit.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

THE LOST LETTER

rovided by law.

conversation with a representative econversation with a representative. I was never happy at Aunt Browne's, but there seemed no prospect that I should ever leave her. I had come out, legal obligations to refuse to fill any so to speak, as far as any one so representative that I might as well der legal obligations to refuse to fill any prescription properly made out, but that it was the duty of such licensees to see that every requirement of the law regarding prescriptions for liquer was compiled with before making sales. He stated that while suspicion might rest on certain physicians on account of the large number of prescriptions issued by them, no physician could be convicted unless it could be proved in a specific lessence that he prescribed liquor when stuck closer than a burr. However, it was not my fault I remained unmarried. I had done my best to be fascinating. Though I hated the idea of marrying for home or position, yet I was sure I would not find it hard to love one who was kind to me, if only on account of the novelty. I was thirty now, and not unused to hearing changes rung upon the old maid, and the beggars who shouldn't be choosers, by my young cousins, Susette and Anne. But In young cousins, Susette and Anne. But I had had one opportunity to change for better or for worse of which they never dreamed. The son of Aunt Browne's second husband, Cedric Browne, had asked me to marry him three years before, as we rowed up the river in June for the rosy laurel blooms to decorate the house and plazza for Susette's fete. I sometimes wonder what Aunt Browne would times wonder what Aunt Browne would have thought of the proceeding, as she

had set her heart upon marrying Susette to Cedric. Ferhaps I refused him because I was taken unawares, because I was not enough interested to care about frustrating Aunt Browne's plans; perhaps I did not expect to be taken at my word, but imagined it the proper way to decline, in the sunset, our boat heaped with pink "You look as if you were laden with sunset clouds," said Susette, who was watching for us on the shore; but I am certain Cedric looked like a thunder cloud.
The next day was the fete. Every-body brought presents for Susette. Cedric gave her an antique necklace of tur-quoises; I was sure he had meant it for me. We had supper out of doors under the great pine trees, and dancing by

moonlight. That day I began to regard Cedric Browne attentively. I had known him under the same roof for weeks at time; I had laughed and talked with a time; I had laughed and talked with him, believing him foreordained to min-ister to Susette's happiness, "as inacces-sible as a star in heaven," so far as I was concerned. He had helped me with Adele's children, who had come to Aunt Browne's when their mother died. But that he should regard me with any tender emotions I had never cared to wish. In fact, I had thought little about him until today. I had never observed until today that his eyes were tender as stars, that his face was like that radiant countenance of Mozart in the music room, that his smile was simply enchantment. It was rather late to make these discoveries.

He did not leave us at once; it seemed as if he staid just long enough for me to know all I had lost. Since then he had been with us again for a whole month; but little Walter was Ill with a spinal affection that kept him on his back, and me by his side; and though Cedric used o relieve me often by day and by night I could see from my window, and from occasional glimpses in the drawing-room, that the balance of his time was spent in Susette's company. 'Aunt Susette's beau is going to make a

te," Teddy confided to Walter one day.
"Who's he?" asked Walter from his "Why, Cedric, of course-Cedric Browne

Bridget says so herself," as if that put the matter beyond dispute. The next day when Cedric came up to muse Walter with the affairs down stairs, that youth demanded: "I say, are you weally Aunt Susette's beau, Cadrio? Adrienne's ever so much nicer. When I'm a

It was a year since then. I no longer went out; I was fairly passé. Aunt Browne had abandoned all hopes of me. I was a good nursery maid, a cheap governess, an inexpensive companion in the family. In the meantime I could have married any day, if I had chosen to accept Rev. Abel Amherst, and transfer my labors to the parsonage. To be sure, this would not have proved the brilliant marriage my aunt had expected of me, nor the romantic one I had dreamed of myself, and it was not till I came into pos-session of a certain family secret that I began to revolve the possibility in my mind. It seems that when my aunt mar-ried her second husband, Mr. Browne— Susette and Anne were both Lowellsthey had subsisted upon the patrimony left to Cedric by his own mother, and that after his father's death, Cedric had turned in the same yearly income from the estate for family use, and that I. Adrienne Lennox, owed my daily bread to the man whom I had refused, and who had for then me. Earning my own live-lihood fout of the question, drudgery was n only vocation, and that was too badly aid to be encouraging. I looked at Rev. Abel Amherat often at this period, with a view to installing him in Cedric's

place, if Cedric would only vacate, Oddly enough, Mr. Amherst renewed his suit at this time, and pressed it with the eagerness of a lover, and for the first time I

began to besitate. "The woman who hesitates is lost," said Susette.

I had been out on the hills one day trying to make up my mind to forget Cedric, and marry Mr. Amberst; but whenever I began to think of going to parish meetings, becoming the president of Dakota leaving and saving circles, visiting the leagues and sewing circles, visiting the poor, and drinking tea opposite Rev. Mr. Amherst all the rest of my days, somehow or other Cedric's face would slip into the picture un'nvited, and blot out his rival's as strong sunlight fades a negative photograph.

"There is a letter for your Adrience."

"There is a letter for you, Adrienne," said Aunt Browne, when I entered the house, "in the music room, on the top of the dade under Mozart's picture." I went into the music room, but there was no letter to be seen.
"Perhups one of the girls has removed." "Perhaps one of the girls has removed

remaps one of the girls has removed it," she suggested. But no one had meddled with it.
"Grandma cooked a letter over the teakettle," said little Teddy, reflectively.
"Yes," said grandma, "I wrote a letter to your pa, child. I hadn't any blotting paper, but the fire answers the purpose cuite as well."

At that time I had never heard of open-ing letters by steam. Well, we ransacked the house for the truant letter, but in

"Who was it from, aunt?" I asked.
"How should I know, child?"
"But the handwriting—the postmark?"
"The postmark was blurred."
"Had it a foreign stamp?" I asked, with sudden eagerness. Cedric had gone abroad some months before, and I had not heard of his return.
"A foreign stamp! No. Were you ex-

How little real merit there is in 110 miles in two hours by the same mighty creation of steel when in the same period of time a mere man on two wheels completes full wise. However, we rode home through ways happens, you know. "It's awfully provoking," said Susette.
"Perhaps it was only the recipes Mrs.

Clarke was going to send you. 'Nothing more likely; but what has become of it? It's a prolonged game of hunt "And supposing it's a letter notifying you of the existence of a first Mrs. Amherst," put in Anne, "or of a legacy left by your forty-fifth cousin in Australia And then the door-bell rang. accepted Mr. Amherst. Everybody be-haved as if I had. I received congratula-

tions and a ring, and the parish began repairs upon the parsonage before I could muster courage to tell Mr. Amherst all sort of absent way when I told him, but seemed content to take me as I was, for better or for worse; only it did strike me sometimes that he was the most undemonstrative lover in Christendom; but I hadn't much experience in lovers, and perhaps they weren't as gushing in real life as novels pictured. He used to kiss my hand when we parted; that was all. He was very gentle, but a little sad I He was very gentle, but a little sad I fancied, with a look which might mean that he was afraid of so much happiness, or that to marry the woman he loved wasn't all fancy painted it; and sometimes I thought I had perhaps done wrong to tell him everything about Cedric so unreservedly; yet I had only meant to be honest. But the day was appointed, and suddenly Cedric appeared among us, when I thought he was at the world's end, and he and the girls decorated the church with he and the girls decorated the church with white field daisies and grasses for the occasion. You may believe that I avoided the sight of Cedric in the interval before the wedding as much as possible, but somehow I was always stumbling upon him; he seemed to be perpetually at my

ever Mr. Amherst appeared, his look of sober satisfaction, which reminded me of those lines of Matthew Royden on Sir Philip Sidney,

"A full assurance given by looks,
Continual comfort in a face,
The lineaments of gospel books,"
might have taught me that all was well with him. "You are the oddest sweethearts I ever

saw," gossiped Susette. "I wouldn't give a straw for such a lover; and as for you, Adrienne, you resemble a ghost more than a bride." In short, a thousand years of purgatory would ill represent my sufferings during those last weeks before my wedding.

Well, to crown the whole, Aunt Browne said Cedric must give me away; he was the only male relative, the head of the family, so to speak, and he could do it so admirably. 'We shall see," said he, "I'm afraid I "We shall see," said he, "I'm afraid I should make a poor figure at giving Adrienne away;" and he stroked his mustache as he spoke, and looked at me just as he looked that day when we gathered the laurel for Susette's fete—I could have sworp he did. I didn't answer, for fear my voice would be husky and the tears would start.

The wedding was to be quite private—

tears would start.

The wedding was to be quite private—
only relatives. Aunt Browne arranged everything to suit berself and the proprieties; it didn't become a clergyman's bride to make a great parade. At the church, I remember, my veil caught in the carriage door, and an orange blossom tumbled from my wreath, which Cedric picked up and wore in his buttonhole. Then he drew my half lifeless arm in his. and directly the wedding march pealed forth in great resounding waves of melody. My grandmother's India muslin blew out in abundant creamy folds be-

would have forbidden the banns.
"You see it was impossible for me to give you away, Adrienne," said Cedric later, when we were steaming out of town. "Amnerst is a trump, and may be find a wife as sweet as Mrs. Browne! hadn't been for him I should have been of all men the most miserable today. What do you think he did? Why, he wrote me all that sad little story you thought right to tell him, and added that he would not deny he was making a sacri-Well, after that I suppose I must have fice; in renouncing you be renounced all completed Mr. Amherst. Everybody bework; yet he felt that it was better one should fail of a heaven on earth than that two should suffer, and that, if I loved you, muster courage to tell Mr. Amherst all about Cedric and my mistake, how I wasn't at all sure I could ever get over it and care for anybody else, but that I would do my best. And he smiled in a sort of absent way when I told him, but seemed content to take me as I was for canyasing the subject. I feared he had canvassing the subject. I feared he had made a mistake, as I had renewed my offer some little while before, but had received no reply; still, a dozen things

happen to letters every day."
"Yes, and something happened to yours." I said. "Years after, when Susette and Anne were married, when Adele's husband had taken the children home to a new mamma, and Aunt Browne had gone to the "land of the hereafter," when Cedric was re-pairing the old house for a summer resi-dence, in ripping away the ancient dade in the music room, which had always warped away from the wall in warm weather, leaving a little crack, the carpenters unearthed my lost letter. Had it slipped down there or had Aunt Browne given it a push? We give her the benefit of the doubt.—[Harper's Bazar.

The story of the man at North Presque Isle, Me., who rented a farm for \$1200 last spring and has raised a crop of potaellow; he surprised me more than once with traces of tears upon my face; the sound of his voice made my heart turn and quiver within me. If I had dared to withdraw at this juncture I'm afraid I should have done so; but it was too late; and though I felt like a hypocrite when-



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